

Rooftop

The Innocence Mission

I hope you are on your rooftop now
In the sun, in the middle of five hundred flowers
And the warm wind blows your scarf around
Flying like a flag
I hope you are on your rooftop now

I hope you are on your rooftop now
In the sun, in the middle of five hundred flowers
And the warm wind blows your scarf straight out
Flying like a flag

I hope you are on your rooftop now